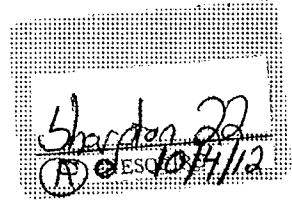


EXHIBIT 38

From: Sharpton, Brittany [CMB-MSDB]
To: bsharpton@gmail.com; bsharpton@mycingular.blackberry.net
Sent: 1/24/2008 12:31:07 AM
Subject: FW: I wrote a book to vent, you can read at your leisure, but I think I need more than one type of implant...



From: Pond, Sherrise [CMB-MSDB]
Sent: Wednesday, January 23, 2008 7:31:07 PM
To: Sharpton, Brittany [CMB-MSDB]
Subject: RE: I wrote a book to vent, you can read at your leisure, but I think I need more than one type of implant...

Auto forwarded by a Rule

Dang, when did you have time to write all this?! Clearly your mind must still be working if you were able to get all this out.

I think you're being too hard on yourself. The last few days were stressful, yes. But instead of beating up on yourself, figure out what you can learn from it. You're dealing with a pretty difficult, neurotic person, who gets very stressed easily also. So you have to learn how to manage her.

You clearly have a brain because otherwise you wouldn't have graduated from Upenn, albeit it's not Yale, but it's something. Unless you got through college the way your father's close buddy, El Presidente, got through college, then you clearly are capable. You still have a lot to learn when it comes to the duties of an analyst and learning how to manage yourself and other people. But that comes with time. Like I was told when I first got here, it's okay to make mistakes, just don't make them twice.

You know what you are capable of, you know what skills you need to continue sharpening, and you know how you handle different situations. Just remember how this all went down the next time you get an assignment, from anyone, not just Elizabeth. Start it early, so you can ask your questions and work all the kinks out in a timely manner. Don't let your fear of an assignment get in the way of your doing it knowing you'll need that time to work on it.

You are not a disappointment nor an embarrassment to the race! Stop saying that. You are doing the best you can and I'm sure all the little kiddies living in the PJ's look up to you. haha

P.S. I think I came down with the worst chest cold last night. My chest burns so much. I may have to take a sick day.

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From: Sharpton, Brittany [CMB-MSDB]

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CGMI_BART014237

Sent: Wednesday, January 23, 2008 5:10 PM

To: Pond, Sherrise [CMB-MSDB]

Subject: I wrote a book to vent, you can read at your leisure, but I think I need more than one type of implant...

Omg sherrise. I really have lost my mind, brain, and job.

I cannot do the most simple task and she is furious. So furious that she is not speaking to me anymore. So furious that my semi-dream/nightmare came true. I sent her the work I'd done a few days ago. I saved over it accidentally after sending it to her not thinking that she would ask for the excel sheet again. She does. I cant redo it quick enough and she hates me now. I am so I don't even know. This reflects horribly on me, but I just cant deal with this stress any longer. I am not a quant person and apparently it takes me 5 years to do a simple task like updating. Im sure this would have taken anyone else like an hour MAYBE 90 min, but I think I have a block when IQ or Elizabeth explain things to me. I just don't pick up on the simple thing they tell me to do. They get mad. I look like a retarded black girl and the cycle continues. I really just want to go home and never come back.

I seriously don't understand why I cannot catch on to things more quickly. Why can I not even click the right clicky things in DBC, drop them in and let it be done. I heard her and IQ laughing about me and I know they are buddy buddy and all, but I don't need to hear that. I KNOW I'm not competent in this stuff. I KNOW I work far too slow. I KNOW it takes me 10 years to learn a simple concept. I KNOW I have not been paying as close attention to detail as an analyst should. When will she learn just NOT to work with me. I am not the type of mind she wants with her. She needs a Tanzeer or Matt Chin or You. Not Brittany freakin Amirh Sharpton. AHHHH. This is really frustrating. How did you make it this long? How????? Seriously, how did I even come to this point? I don't think I was born retarded. This is an embarrassment on the race. That poor little bootleg a phi a is going to have to suffer all because of me. I actually feel bad for him. Why me? This is my fault actually. If I had better sense then it would not take me so long to do things. I would not have pushed this back because I would have known how to do it and felt confidently about doing it. So, my stupid @\$\$ knowingly put this off, did it wrong, took forever doing it over, and in the end the most value I added was updating some market update pages.

My family would be so disappointed. OMG, what am I doing here. Why am I still typing this crazy letter. I'm not even going to spell check this thing. I wonder if you've made it this far down. I am just staring at people's head's from the corner of my eye as I see the devil lurking behind me and laughing. Laugh lucifer laugh. What in the world. I need a brain Pond. I really really do. No I am not feeling back for myself, but I truly do. This is INSANE. I KNOW they for SURE know they made a mistake by hiring me. I didn't want to go down like this, but my miniscule brain cells cannot handle all of this. They just cannot.

Maybe God is going to leave me single for the rest of my life so I can read more books and up my brain cell count. And IF the good Lord takes pity on his foolish little lamb, I really need to get with someone who is a pure genius to make up for this ish in my head. Why is my brother SO smart, yet he doesn't really need to use his intelligence because he is on the field knocking people out the way I wish I could do around here.

What if this is one of the 2% of e-mails that is read???? Hmmm.....then they will for SURE know I have lost my mind. OH WAIT! I never had one.....

Memoirs of a Wall Street F.S. - Chapter 2 - She Ain't Got No Brain in the Piggy Bank

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